

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

By SARAH PRATT CURR

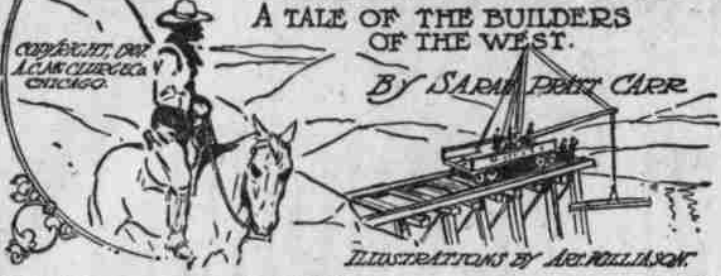


Illustration by A. J. R. HARRISON

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle Billy" Dodge, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also. Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed. Vincent is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad being built. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. Plot to destroy company's ship. Flora is unearthing and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader. Found. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison in charge of wire tapping. A perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up "Plaza." Banquet in railroad town is scene of monopolization of Alfred by a Miss Hamilton. Mrs. "Sally" Bernard announces riches. Gideon makes threat against Alfred's life. Quickly leaves town on best procurable horse in search of Vincent. Kisco to beat opposition company's stage a success. Stella fails to hear of Gideon. Stella receives a letter: "Promise to marry Gideon in gram or Alfred Vincent will die." After conference Stella decides to flee. "Cousin Phineas," Stella becomes known as Esther Anthony, becomes a rich woman, educates herself at Vassar and steps into highest San Francisco society. Kidnaping changes Alfred greatly and when he and Stella meet in "Prison society," she passes him without recognition. Stella's love for Alfred and his for her is revived. However, neither shows recognition of the fact to the other. Anthony romance is unfolded, showing Gideon, who loved Stella, to be her own cousin. Alvin Carter, Stella's lover when the Bernards were poor, visits them and Sally B. consents to their marriage, despite the fact that several sons of rich, since are asking the girl's hand. The Bernards lose their riches and Sally B. again becomes a hotelkeeper. Vincent marrying Alvin Carter. Stella visits Sally B. and sees "Uncle Billy."

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"Oh, surely not for stealing!" Instantly Esther's mind flew back to the desert station, the overland journey, the scene on the hillside, to many lesser visions of him, even to her last meeting at Judge Harmon's. Always the same aversion to him, the same wonder that the company trusted him. "Yes, stealin'." They gave him a passenger out of Sacramento, and he didn't run it three weeks till they caught him. The boys say there's something back of that, too, an' it'll go hard with him. Pore devil! He was bright nough for meanness; pity he couldn't a' tried bein' white. Come on. I got to go to the kitchen."

Here again reigned Yic Wah, the imperturbable. "Do you like it here?" Esther asked him.

He grinned. "You bet! Heap good. One dollah man out here; no two bittes man. Heap plenty loom. You likee say 'damn,' all right. No matter."

"Yic got converted down in Oakland," Sally B. said when out of his hearing. "It'll give ye a crick in yer side to hear him singin' 'sams. He's the best hollerer Charley Crocker's got. McLane's comin' through to-night. The boys has stuffed Yic with a lot about Mac, told him Mac's goin' to do up Crocker's railroad; and I'm powerful 'traid Yic'll sass Mac." There was a trifle of worry in Sally B.'s laugh.

"How can he hinder our company now?"

"He can't hinder 'em, but he kin pester 'em a heap, him an' the gang he's actin' fur. He ain't any wuss'n the rest, only smarter. He's on his way home from Washington and New York now. Been tryin' to fix congress agin, I'll lay. But I bet Collis P. beats him! I bet on Collis P. every time. Read this!" She tumbled over a pile of papers, found a recent copy of the Clarion and pointed out a short telegraphic dispatch. "Read it aloud, honey. I like to listen when our fellers spouts at the government powwow."

It was an appeal from Mr. Huntington to Andrew Johnson, as the head of the outgoing administration, on behalf of the Central Pacific railroad.

"Likely it's ter spike that gun, that Mac's been east. The boys says so. But I bet on Collis P. all the same. Ding that Clarion!" she continued, whipping from one topic to another with astonishing suddenness. "They're cluckin' to the U. P.'s now to pass us and come on to California; an' howlin' about pushin' the Southern Pacific to bust the C. P. If I was Gov. Stanford I'd mortgage my chance o' heaven, maybe a little bit o' the other place, but what I'd git holt o' that Southern Pacific."

"What is the Southern Pacific expectin' to do?"

"Build across the continent and have a competin' line."

"What? Two railroads? Surely, one will be enough."

"If them four git a holt o' it, they'll put it across all right. One line? They'll be half a dozen some day. An' you bet the C. P.'s won't let nobody git the start of them if they only git a fair show."

The strange town stirred Esther's imagination. Like a flock of vagrant, ugly birds, the shacks and flimsy wooden houses squatted on the inhospitable mountain top or huddled beside the brawling stream. The most pretentious places were saloons. A very long tent caught Esther's eye.

"That's the dancehouse," Sally B. said. "They've got an extra big troupe of hurdy-gurdies in now—there's the place where they sleep just to the left there. Sufferin' ears! They make a racket at night, they an' the men. Ain't nothin' so bad's you might think 'bout them girls, though. Most o' 'em come from furin parts, where their job ain't considered disreputable."

All in the town carried arms, and there were occasional barries; yet no stranger was molested who did not first molest. Night drew on, and the sleepy town awoke. Wood teams from the mountain chopping camps rattled in. The clatter of animals feeding, human and otherwise, stirred the air. The evening train whistled in from the west, with mail, passengers, a few

workmen, much forage and supplies.

"Collis P.'s done the job!" cried the first trainman to enter the hotel. "His little game o' talk with the president won the tin. The bonds are issued!"

"When was it?" asked Sally B., excitedly.

"Oh, weeks ago, probably. It was done 'fore Andy Johnson went out of the White House, anyway."

"How much bonds?"

"Two million four hundred thousand," the man said, rolling out the words slowly and respectfully.

A small sum enough for eyes that read to-day. Yet to a railroad of the present, forty millions could not mean more than that sum meant to the struggling Central Pacific.

The train came in from the Front, a lot of empty cars bumping over unsettled track. To-night came Louis McLane, a distinguished-looking gentleman; yet great man as he was, and earnestly as Sally B. tried to make him comfortable, other matters overshadowed him.

"Them U. P. fellers laid seven and a half miles of track the other day," the story ran from lip to lip.

"Huh! I bet a game rooster George Gregory'll beat that when the iron

clink of glasses, the rhythmic beat of many feet, the voices of the dancing girls between sets. How had she shown thankfulness for the boon of health, of friends, training, wealth—all that was between her and these poor girls? Had she not wasted her life in idle longing? Among even the noisy dancers yonder might there not be some one better, according to her miserable opportunity, than she herself had been with her wider chance? It should be so no longer! When the last tie was laid she would return to her home, her city. She would cease her foolish waiting for Alfred; and somehow, wherever the way opened, she would work for those less fortunate than herself, would put herself on record for the better side of life.

A peace long unknown stole over her; and she slept tranquilly.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Stroke of the Fang.

The days ran happily by for Esther, so far as she remained in her own little world. It was a joy to be with Uncle Billy a short late hour every other night when his train was in and his reports made; a joy to know that her presence comforted Sally B., whose heart, despite her busy life, longed for her only child, and grieved for the older child who dogged her footsteps, did her errands, followed her with meek, trustful eyes. The spell of the desert, and her ever deferred hope of seeing Alfred, still held Esther. Gideon was in the town, though he kept out of Esther's way. Sally B. met him abruptly one day, forced a kind word upon him and asked him of his stay; but he evaded her with a half-coherent reply about seeing the railroad through. She mentally substituted Esther for the railroad, knowing it was for chance glimpses of her he hung around the town.

The grading was finished. Engi-



"Drop That Gun, Partner!"

neers, their occupation gone, had already started for new barrens to measure. Bridge builders followed. Men of the pickaxe and shovel, drillers, strikers, teamsters, Chinese, cooks, scullions, camp-movers—a long procession faced westward toward "California, God's country."

It was the morning before George Gregory's great day, the day he was to outdo the Union Pacific feat of laying seven and a half miles of track at one stretch. He had chosen the flat spaces eastward by Kelton, where the grade was easy, culverts and bridges few. Everything was in readiness. The iron was coming—on the road—due at the Front that afternoon. All along the line betting ran high. Interest and excitement pervaded town, camp and home; touched even women and children.

"The U. P.'s discharged 12 engineers 'cause they wouldn't run at night," another loquacious diner remarked.

"Don't wonder they refused," a man from the east replied. "The grades are ticklish; the track ain't half finished, to say nothin' o' being settled; and the Injuns are raisin' Cain in triplets."

"That's the way it's been all the time over on the U. P.," a second stranger added. "Workmen never have had the proper protection. I was on the Denver line, and the chief of construction telegraphed for more force, saying, 'I have to fight while I dig.' But the company didn't help him out. Why, we had ten Injun fights in ten weeks. From one to seven white men killed every time. It wasn't fun, you can bet!"

Esther was in the dining room and heard. The dreadful day at the stage station came to her. Across the way violins began to twang, arousing Esther from her reverie. The caller's voice came clear, and the low, seductive rumble of dancing feet. One by one the men finished eating and went out. The voice of the town called louder and louder. Esther wondered, were she a man, if the calls would seem hideous as now; or would she, in the very joy of masculine freedom, look around, join the fringe of the curious onlookers, be caught by the siren, temptation, and drawn into the human vortex, carried down—down!

Of all the guests, Mr. McLane alone was left. He ate slowly in dignified silence, pried upon intermittently by Yic Wah. The wheedling voice of the town had no fascination for Mr. McLane. He went at once to his room, attended by Sally B.

Then the two women chatted a little longer, when Esther, still tired from her night spent sitting up in the car, went to her bed.

But not to sleep. Unhindered by tent walls the drone of the fiddles came in at her open window; and the

clink of glasses, the rhythmic beat of many feet, the voices of the dancing girls between sets. How had she shown thankfulness for the boon of health, of friends, training, wealth—all that was between her and these poor girls? Had she not wasted her life in idle longing? Among even the noisy dancers yonder might there not be some one better, according to her miserable opportunity, than she herself had been with her wider chance? It should be so no longer! When the last tie was laid she would return to her home, her city. She would cease her foolish waiting for Alfred; and somehow, wherever the way opened, she would work for those less fortunate than herself, would put herself on record for the better side of life.

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The supply train backed, switched, loaded freight brought in the night before; yet did not pull out for the Front as usual, but side-tracked and waited. The iron was coming! It was due at noon.

Hotel patrons had eaten and gone. Bill Bernard was out on an errand; and the house was deserted save for the cook and scullion, and the two women at their late breakfast. The sun had not yet thawed the frost of the night when a shot rang out from Sally B.'s barroom.

She caught her pistol from some near nook and rushed out, Esther flying after her.

"Go back, child!" Sally B. said sternly from the doorway.

"Not unless you go," Esther returned in a voice as firm.

"Foller still, then," the other whispered, seeing opposition useless; and they entered the barroom noiselessly.

A man with beetling brows and fierce, resentful eyes stood with his back to them, holding a big revolver somewhat unsteadily over Shack Newbegin, whose hands were high in air. The intruder's clothes were soiled, his boots dusty and cut from much walking over rock. Notwithstanding his vicious, threatening attitude, his body drooped as from intense fatigue.

He did not hear the women; and his savage, low-spoken command showed him dangerously sure of himself.

"Give me ten dollars out of that till. Do it quick, and keep still. And don't try shootin' next time when a man asks you for money; you might get your wooden overcoat sooner'n you'd like. Hurry up, there!"

"Drop that gun, partner!" Sally B. said quietly.

She had waited barely a breath on the threshold, yet Esther had smelled burned powder, seen Shack's pistol on the floor, his disheveled hair and the bullet hole in the murderer's hat. Shack had had the first shot. How had the other mastered the situation?

The man wheeled, with blazing eyes, to meet Sally B.'s pistol barrel almost at his head. His own weapon, unconsciously lowered, left him helpless, though he made a slight motion as if to lift it.

"Drop it, I say! Let go!" Her revolver touched his temple, and her black eyes blazed a message that compelled obedience.

He returned her look for an instant, lowered his eyes sullenly, glanced covertly about, and stooping, laid the pistol on the floor.

"Now, git inter that cheer!"

Again he looked at her resentfully; but only for a breath, when he bent stiffly, and dropped heavily down.

"The him, Shack, to the cheer; an' his hands behind him, an' his feet together. How'd he git the drop on ye? I see ye got the first shot."

"Yes, But I reckoned he was only a drunk, an' wasn't lookin' fur him to fight. I only shot to skeer; but he jumped me like greased lightning!"

"He looks holler; I 'low grub ain't ben plenty. Had anythin' to eat lately?" she asked her prisoner.

He shook his head sulkily.

"I thought so. Watch him, Shack," she ordered, and after the tying was done to her satisfaction, the two women went out.

They returned shortly, Sally B. with a generous breakfast; Esther, who refused to let her come alone, carrying the coffee. They arranged the food on a chair, and Sally B. took up her revolver again.

"Untie his hands, Shack."

"You're the beatin'est," Shack began, obeying her order reluctantly, "to go an' feed a man that's tried to rob ye."

"No matter. He's hungry. I wouldn't turn a hungry dog off without a bone. Get to work, now," she said gruffly to the bandit. "An' while ye're busy, tell what you wanted of ten dollars. Why didn't ye ask fur the hull till?"

"Because I wanted to be white an' take only enough to get out of the country with," Esther thought his face softened a trifle.

"Why don't ye work for it? The Boss wants choppers; an' everybody's flyin' west like ole Nick was after 'em."

"That's my business. I want to leave the country, not chop wood." The sullen look deepened.

"If ye're that partic'lar, you git that grub out o' sight, an' git! I earn my money workin', an' you can yours."

He scowled at her; and no one saw the gleam in his wicked eye as he caught the flash from Esther's scowl.

It was the only ornament of value she wore in this rude place. She had bought it for protection, and it had served its purpose well. Most people supposed it an engagement ring, a supposition she tacitly encouraged.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Laughter Not Always Good

Evidences of Merriment Sometimes by No Means Satisfying.

"Of course, you have heard," said the man with a sensitive ear, "a laugh that jarred. I don't mean," he continued, "so much a laugh at an inopportune time—I imagine we have all heard such laughs—as a laugh the quality of which is unpleasant. There is something contagious in laughter of the right kind, even though you may be the object of it. It bubbles from the well of good humor; there is no hidden thought, or 'arriere pensee,' as the French say, behind it. It is the essence of frankness; it is spontaneous and wholesome, and it cleanses the system of the laughter, and, too, of the hearer, like a spiritual bath."

"But there are other kinds of laughter. The sneering laugh is perhaps the most familiar. Then there is a quiet laugh—a sibilant secretive sort of laugh that is quite as certain to mean mischief. Another laugh, disagreeable in its nature, is the high-pitched, nervous cackling that comes either from embarrassment or

is a mere vocal habit. The worst laugh of all, however, to my mind, is that mirthless sound provoked by the distress or embarrassment of others, and it rasps, naturally, most of all, the object calling it forth. A person laughed at and hurt never forgets the experience."

More Than He Wanted.

"Sometimes ladies thank me when I give up my seat to them," the young man said, "and sometimes they do not, and then occasionally something unusual happens. This morning when I gave up my seat to a lady she thanked me effusively."

"Thank you very much," she said; "very acceptable, I assure you." This speech attracted the attention of all around, and really I think I would prefer not to be thanked at all rather than to be thanked so generously.

"If it would be polite for me to indicate just how I'd like to be thanked for giving up my seat I should say that just a little smile with a slight inclination of the head, would be the acknowledgment that would please me best of all."

MISSOURI NEWS

PARSON TO BE TRIED JANUARY 4

Case of the Reverend Mr. Gow Comes Up at Mexico, Mo.

Elberly.—Sheriff G. W. Gentry has been here summoning witnesses for the Gow-Gleason trial, which comes upon a change of venue at Mexico, January 4. Less than one year ago, the Reverend Clyde Gow was pastor of the M. E. church here.

Miss Elizabeth Gleason was a granddaughter of the founder of this city, R. L. Elberly, and was teaching school when Gow became acquainted with her.

Doctor Hemphill was convicted for performing an operation on her, from which she died. He was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, but a new trial has been granted him.

FALLS FROM WAGON, KILLED.

August Koch, 60 years old, Dead at Home in Owensville, Mo.

Gerald.—August Koch, 60 years old, was killed at his home in Owensville near here. He was standing in the rear end of a wagon, when the horses started, throwing him out backwards.

His head struck on a rock.

Mr. Koch served two terms as judge of the southern district of Gasconade county. He was a director of the Owensville bank, and manager of the Modern Woodmen of America Lodge.

Will Take Over Failed Bank.

Springfield.—The Merchants' National bank, with a capital stock of \$200,000, paid up, and with a holding company having a paid-up capital of \$100,000 and to be known as the Security Trust company of Springfield, was organized here. The new bank will take over the suspended National Exchange bank as soon as governmental sanction to the transfer is obtained and will pay depositors of the defunct institution dollar for dollar.

Burnett Case Continued at Gallatin.

Gallatin.—In the Daviess county circuit court at Gallatin the case against Samuel Burnett, of Springfield, Ill., who is charged with offering a bribe to John L. Anderson, county school superintendent, was continued to the April term of court. Burnett, a salesman for Ginn & Co., school-book publishers is alleged to have offered Anderson \$200 to vote for the adoption of two of the Ginn books.

Girl Sues W. B. Ridgely.

Kansas City, Mo.—A suit for \$30,000 was brought in the circuit court Tuesday by Miss Pearl Greer against William B. Ridgely, former president of the National Bank of Commerce. Miss Greer asserts in a petition to the court that Mr. Ridgely's automobile ran over her at Seventeenth street and Grand avenue, November 19. She says she suffered severe injuries.

Court Dismisses Science Healers.

Warrensburg.—The case of the state against Mrs. Lena D. Jaccard and Theresa M. Haywood, Christian Scientists, of Kansas City, who were placed on trial in the Johnson county circuit court, charged with treating the sick without a license, on information filed by Prosecuting Attorney Cockrell, was dismissed by Judge B. G. Thurman, of Lamar.

Appointments by Folk.

Jefferson City.—Governor Folk has made the following appointments: Charles N. Cooper, school commissioner for Maries county, vice R. L. Holmes, resigned; Harry Martin, coal-oil-inspector for the city of Kahokia for a period expiring November 4, 1909.

Buckley Loses Appeal.

Jefferson City.—The supreme court in division No. 2 denied the application for a writ of habeas corpus to secure the release from the penitentiary of John Buckley, who was sent from St. Louis to serve a sentence of five years for robbery in the first degree.

Capt. Rumbold Is Honored.

Jefferson City.—Governor-elect Hadley will name Frank M. Rumbold of St. Louis adjutant-general. Rumbold is now commander of Light Battery A. St. Louis. Captain Rumbold has been instrumental in building up Battery A and his appointment will meet with the approval of that organization.

Nun's Hand Cut Off.

St. Joseph.—As the result of an accident in the laundry of the academy of the Sacred Heart, in this city, the left hand of Sister Ryan was amputated. Sister Ryan was operating a mangle and reaching in to secure a garment had her hand caught in the machinery.

Springfield.—Rev. James L. Sullens, pastor of a South Methodist church here, died after being accidentally shot while hunting. Two charges of bird shot from a double-barrel gun in the hands of S. F. Jared, a merchant, entered the minister's right side.

Montgomery.—John Gill, of Portland Callaway county, drove 775 turkeys to market to one dealer in this county, which probably is the largest drove ever delivered in this state by one man. He drove them thirty miles over the country roads.

Fugitive Goes Back to Cell.

Poplar Bluff.—None of the prisoners who escaped from the city jail here has been caught. One man, after getting out of jail, went to police headquarters and sat by the stove for a while and then returned to his cell.

St. Joseph.—The Rev. J. E. Hampton, who has been pastor of the Pattee Park Baptist church, in this city for the past two and one-half years, has resigned to accept a call to the First Baptist church at Moberly, Mo. The resignation takes effect January 1.

FROM THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NOTEBOOK

Why Not Have a Company Closet?

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Yes, I would like to bring a friend home to lunch, but my wife is never ready, says she does not have things in the house for unexpected company and it is so much bother," remarked the business man.

"You ought to have a company closet like my wife has," answered B. M. number two. "I don't know how it is, but Mame always manages to get something up if I bring people home without warning. I asked how it was one day, and she said she had emergency shelves."

So I asked Mame what a company closet was. "A company closet? Oh, it's two or three shelves in my pantry that I devote to keeping goods that I can use in an emergency. You know I started in by doing light housekeeping and living with a chafing dish. This taught me how to use prepared food. Then I kept house and had canned tomatoes to make soup if any one came unexpectedly, but now I keep quite an assortment of goods ready for instant use."

"What are they? Well, to begin with, there are lots of things out of which I can make sandwiches when Bob turns up with an old friend from the place he used to live in, and my refrigerator is empty. There are all sorts of canned pates, among them chicken, wild duck, grouse, partridge and quail. Then I keep canned lobster, sardines in oil, shrimps, little neck clams and such things that vary in price from 15 to 35 cents, and are always ready to put in between thin slices of bread and butter to make delicious sandwiches. Out of the shrimps and lobster I can make salad with my bottle of salad dressing that is on the same shelf."

"On another shelf I keep all sorts of canned and bottled soups and it is astonishing how many varieties there are. All that is needed is to heat them up, put in some celery salt if desired, and thicken them with a little macaroni, or one can use them without any thickening at all. Among my canned soups I have mock turtle, tomato, ox tail, consommé, julienne, chicken, celery, vegetable, tomato and okra, and beef. I buy these cans by the dozen and get them in this way at a reduction. They average ten cents a can. When I am very particular I open a can of green turtle soup or clam chowder, but these cost more. So you see I am all right as regards soup in an emergency."

"When I do not want to follow my soup course with sandwiches I can open some of my potted meats. I am

quite proud of the variety I have of these for nearly every kind of meat comes prepared in this way. For instance, corn beef comes for 15 cents a can, good roast beef is 22 cents a can, veal loaf, is a trifle cheaper. Besides these, I have ham loaf, hamburger steak, chicken loaf, cooked turkey, Vienna sausage, potted turkey and petite frankfurters. I didn't know there were so many kinds until I began to stock up my closet. But these average 15 to 20 cents a can, the most expensive is 50 cents and they are good cold or can be heated quickly."

"Of course I have shelves with jellies and preserved fruits and when I want more than I put up myself I find I can get at least a dozen varieties of jelly that are always in the market, orange marmalade, bar-le-due jelly, guava jelly and canned pineapple, cherries, plums and peaches. So I am never at a loss in the matter of sauces. To supplement these I keep on hand different varieties of wafers such as vanilla, fruit, coconut, etc., for often I have no cake in the house. Thus you see I am provided with a soup course, a meat or sandwich course, and a dessert. At times I want side dishes and for these I keep peanut butter which I often make in sandwiches, jars of cheese, pots of made mustard, olives, cheese sandwiches, and lots of other fancy goods that are on the market. When it comes to the matter of something to drink, of course I always have coffee and tea in the house, but I also keep on my emergency shelf a can of cocoa which can be prepared easily and rapidly and various fruit juices, like grape and raspberry. These last are delicious in summer, served with ice. If I happen to have a lemon in the house I put in the juice also. I always keep in my company closet a box of nice layer raisins and two or three kinds of nuts. These I use for dessert when I do not have fruit and wafers. Sometimes I vary these with a jar of honey, figs and dates."

"Don't think we live on such canned goods all the time, but like all families we often have enough for two and not for three, and are without cake and delicacies one wishes to set before a guest. My company closet solves the problem at once. Bob thinks it is a miracle, but I know it is simply that I look ahead for an emergency. Then, too, with these varieties of goods I am always ready to serve a cup of chocolate with wafers to the afternoon guest who calls in winter, or if in summer, I have my fruit juices to serve with a thin, sweet wafer. It is really as simple as can be. The wonder is more women do not do the same and everybody does not have a company closet. The English call these 'pantry groceries,' and have stores that carry nothing else. Lots of times I am complimented on my soups and sandwiches by the men that Bob brings home to lunch, and I smile and say I am glad they like them. They little realize that I have prepared the whole meal out of my emergency closet, and as to telling them—not I. What's the good of telling all of one's domestic secrets? I tell you that you may be prepared the next time that husband of yours comes home suddenly with 'My old friend Dick, who is spending the day in the city,' and you have nothing in the house to eat."

Talks to Salespeople

By MISS DIANA HIRSCHLER, LL. B.

(Expert Trainer in Salesmanship)

Bolstering Up a Wobbly Will

Mrs. Fly-Away was certainly a trying customer. She had no sooner said she liked a certain style when another caught her eye and she always insisted upon seeing it. In this way, she saw-sawed from one to another and, indeed, frequently left without buying at all. True, yet I dare say when she got home she felt quite annoyed at not having anything to show for shopping. She no doubt wished then that she had bought the plaid she had admired so much.

Now, it may be well to lament that there are so many customers of this type, but the duty of the salesperson is to accept this fact and see how to meet it, not simply to call it "bad luck."

When you engage yourself to this kind of service you really engage to deal with human nature ready-made. Human nature unmakes itself only as you meet it with a right understanding of its style.

Take the case of Mrs. Fly-Away. Her need is the need of many people—to have some one bolster up a wobbly will—to catch her up quickly when she has actually reached the point of decision.

You must take some distinct action to accomplish this. You must say in a decided tone, as if you were speaking for her, "I think you have picked out just what you want," or something similar. This will prop up her decision. But you must remember this is merely a prop—else you will be disappointed—for she will allow it to sustain her only for the moment.

Recognizing the short-livedness of your prop, pulling out your salesbook with decision, you follow it up briskly with a closing remark: "The name, please?" Before she has time again to be distracted the matter is clinched. After it is over she approves of you. But if your method is to let her wander at her own sweet will she continues to be discontented with what she has done and you are made a part of her discontent.

A will that rests not when it actually has arrived at the stepping-off place is very common. There is only one thing for the seller to do with the buyer in this case, that is for himself to supply as far as possible the ingredient of decisiveness in manner, tone, statement, eliminating further every circumstance that might disturb or turn the trend of thought.

A lady asks to see dollar shirts for an 11-year-old boy. The salesperson throws out on the counter one shirt after another until there are eight or ten different ones lying there. The customer looks confused. She fingers them all and gets further and further

from a decision. It is a question of "were I" other dear charmer away."